Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

MALACHI shall rank from realms of light,
To regions of the deepest night:
The word, whose heavenly beams glowed,
Is now degeneracy's shade;
And ignorance, darkly, eternal roll
Their lonely horrors o'er the soul:
And not a ray of heavenly light,
To gild the gloom of mortal night;
Tis, borne on forth, his rising rays
The Sun of Righteousness displays;
And, darting deep, with force divine,
Through all the inclosed soul doth shine;
And then a living light diffuse,
Which from the germ of life ensues.
The inward prospect then is fair,
And heavenly beauty centres there;
In whom the sun hath risen to dwell
With golden beam, the rising year;
Fair Spring of life, whose dwelling lays
Wide open to his smiling rays;
And diamond dews, and pearly showers,
All glittering in the morning skew.
So, when the Sun of Righteousness
Has dispersed the guilty night of vices,
That soul rejoicing in his beams,
An undefiled garden seems,
The heavenly virtues brightly shine,
Rich in the fauna of Love light,
Which fills the whole expanded mind
With Christ's delightful fragrance.
The soul is all for Heaven's abode,
And man united to his God. WATHAWA.

To the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

ON PHRENOLOGY.

SIR—I TAKE the liberty of soliciting for the following communication, as insertion in your valuable paper, whose fidelity has shown it herself a zealous observer, as a proper medium of suggesting to the public mind the necessity of the study of encouraging the study of Phrenology in that nascent and rejected discovery of Medicine, as well as Philosophical system.

Knowing of the warmth and earnestness with which a subject of this kind is met and encouraged in the city of Boston, I was astonished, on the other hand, at the apathy and lukewarmness exhibited by the citizens of Philadelphia with regard to it, and could assign no reason for it, other than their unwillingness to carry into such savans in the least of materialism, or appear incredulory to Divine Revelation.

It has been about two years since the death of that serious man, whose unexampled energy and brilliant parts, gained an empire to the science in the country, which I had hoped ere this to have seen established, our city.

It is known, and I believe generally admitted, that Philadelphia, in point of morality and Christianity among the foremost, if it does not stand in envious pitch from among our other great cities; and the idea that those of irreligious character, the blind evidence of Phrenology comes in collision with the tenets, and the principles of Christianity, but who at the same time, in their calmer moments, the Mind evidence which is accorded to the too often interested and crafty priest, who attempts to mould our deepest feelings to his own selfish purposes, and to further his own personal views. He always boldly advocated the tenets of reason. He always, and at all times, boldly declared his distinguished man from all animated things,—"Immortality." God, who is all wisdom, I feel that I could never create man in his own likeness, as it is said he did, and not have implanted within him the very faculties which must form a principal feature in the worshipper. He advocated the system of free investigation, and of liberality, that was common with the people of Europe and the country, of pinning their religious faith to the sleeves of every man, submitting to them the keeping of their souls.

It was against this fatal delusion to oppose the public mind of the erroneous idea, that the advancement of the science of Phrenology, was the direct growth of Christianity, or that the doctrine of materialism is at all involved in its principles. They are, I conceive, entirely contrasted, the one with the other, and the last from the former being subversive of tenets of the Christian religion, that it aids and abets in numerous instances, its heretofore unexplained intricacies. But in any case that Phrenology, as a science, is a discharge that has spoken favored the views of the materialist, and if he be open to conviction, he will be convinced. When our antagonists assert, as they do, "that we are materialists, they ought to show the reasons for such assertion, and if it be correct, the entire falsehood of the accusation is made obvious by the system of the Phrenological science.

The expression, *organ*, designates an *instrument*, by no ways of which, some faculty proclaims itself; the muscles, by which we move, are organs of motion; the ears are not the moving *power*; the eyes, are the organs of vision, but not the power of seeing or hearing. We examine the faculties of the soul, or of the mind, from the organs by which they manifest themselves, by means of which they manifest them. Hence, we show that the moral and intellectual powers, and the authors of the Christian Church, agree with us, that the manifestations of the mind, depend on the form of the brain, and of their organs.

Plato considers the body as a prison of the soul. Seneca says, "Phrenology is not proved by that the Dutch have and his followers taught the same. Bodies, therefore, are not necessary, but they would be promoted by their physical nature." St. Thomas "thought the spirit is no corporeal locality, the spiritual functions are not bound to organs, and he take place where the bodily organization." Therefore, if these organs cannot exercise their functions, the spirit remains as it is destitute." For the same reason, a lazy exercise of the body, and a sluggish state of health with excellent intellectual functions." St. Augustine, St. Cyprian, St. Ambrose, Gregory, Nazianzen, Basilius, and many other great profound writers, consider the body, or even the brain, as the instrument of the soul, and declare that the soul is regulated by the body." But notwithstanding that it did contradict some passages of the Bible, and was a remark of *truth* be cast and opposed; shall a mighty science be strangled in its infancy, or even suffer to be kept under, because it contradicts some of the tenets of a religious doctrine? The science of Phrenology is supported by facts and arguments, which it is impossible to refute, and should it, in its course, be found to jostle against the tenets of Christianity, it would not be because it must be an indication that in so far as that religious dogmas and principles are concerned, they are false, but that they are not in accordance with the truth, as derived, and other circumstances have prevailed to mystify the human mind, and to pervert its judgment.

Another objection, started by the adversaries of this doctrine, is, that it leads to fatalism, or that it establishes a belief in fatality, or irresistible necessity, and is a corollary, or irresponsibility for our actions, otherwise we are not free agents. No sense of responsibility, and the work of Spurzheim, can impart, without subjecting our actions to fatality, or irresistible necessity, or consent degree. He, on the contrary, has established intelligently, the fact that we are each one in possession of responsibility, and has done more, in my opinion, to refute the dangerous doctrine of fatalism, than has been done by any writer. At this point, he says, and truly, "that the manifestations of the mind are dependent on certain circumstances, which we are not free to act upon." But these being given us, are we forced to use them? It is the gift and bounties for having taken such certain circumstances, do we not see, that although he is not free to act, he is free under the same circumstances? We, as all reasoning with man. He has a great many faculties, but they always arise from circumstances, and are not forced to do so? Why, and say, but are we constantly forced to do so? We do not constantly eat, drink, sleep, or breathe. Reason on the whole in the words of St. Augustine, "God, in giving us reason, and a free will, does not force us to act." In fine, Dr. Spurzheim believes in Liberty and responsibility. Fatality, or free will is effected by the knowledge of doing or not doing any thing, and the benefit which accrues to us from doing so, or the evil according to them; these things being considered as liberty. It is the faculty of motives, and the influence of the soul, or mind, which are derived from the senses."

Phrenological examination, indeed, that we are not responsible for our feelings, because they are originated by the organization of faculties, and because they are inherent, in the respective organizations had become innate, at the same time, that they presuppose, or infer intuition, technically speaking, are delivered the combination of that intelligent donator, by the greater power which the will exercises over the intellectual faculties, which acting through the latter as its media of communication, the motives too, and consequently, has the controlling power over the *instruments of action*, and that "as man is voluntary master in withdrawing from the government of the *understanding and will*, liberty, responsibility, and guilt, are no more." Finally, he exhorts to the cultivation of the faculties which are found to be most honorable, assuring us, that the organ of each faculty expands by exercise, and adding that those which are common to the better creation and the human mind, should be kept in subjection and controlled by the latter.

"We need not," however, "be afraid," says the judicious Reid, "that the interest of Virtue will suffer by a free and candid examination of any question whatever. For the interest of truth and virtue, can never be long separated. Darkness and error, may be favored vice, but can never be favorable to virtue." If a discussion in the one of the parts of the body, has been considered as a hymn to the Creator; how much more acceptable to him, should be a discourse on the use of the organs, through which are manifested the operations of the intellect; "whilst relating to him," as the great author observes, whatever we find of right, good, or fair, in ourselves, discovers his strength and wisdom, and we are led to wonder and adore him, by honoring them whom we discover them clearly, and not ring their profundity where we are lost in our search; as the great Newton, who had acquired and elevated without pride; we may be advised, if I may dare say so, into the cosmos of the Almighty, by a consideration of his works.

Phrenology, is the catalogue of no princely vice, nor national dog-ivity—It encourages not the liberty, true by relaxing nay of the precepts of morality, nor does it repudiate, or subvert the foundations of religion. None of these things does it pretend to—and if they are not so, I am confident we find it rightly good, or fair, in ourselves, discovers his strength and wisdom, and we are led to wonder and adore him, honoring them whom we discover them clearly, and not ring their profundity where we are lost in our search; as the great Newton, who had acquired and elevated without pride; we may be advised, if I may dare say so, into the cosmos of the Almighty, by a consideration of his works.

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I will conclude with a hope, amongst so wise away the loud supersition upon the nature and tendency of the science of the Immortal Spurzheim, by expressing a hope, that Philadelphia may not be behind the most zealous, in the support and encouragement of the science, whose a multitude of metaphysical problems, that have puzzled and tangled the brains of philosophers for ages past, and which, like the Gordian knot, can be cut by the skilful dissecting knife of the immortal Spurzheim.

Philadelphia is a city, which, as a medical source, we look with awe and admiration, and of contrasting from her, with reverence and respect; on which account, I am sure that the citizens of the same will take the lead in the prosecution of this great work. As a Student of the Medical Department, of the Pennsylvania University, I would gladly see established a professorship of Phrenology in that institution, besides those she already possesses, and if a class of this kind, could be formed, I do believe, could be indeed to come on to Philadelphia, it is probable that hardly would advise to a proposal of the kind, with pleasure. They would, however, object, lectures might be delivered in the evening, which I doubt not would be numerously attended, and amply remunerate any one who should engage in the attempt.

VERITATIS AMICA.

From the Casket.

On a Young Lady's Attendance to the Holy Communion.

Bright'ning round her youth's blue morning,
Hovering hope, with golden wing,
Hopes upon her soul are dawning,
Hopes too fair to breathe aloud.

Life is in its loveliest season,
Memory's flowers are half unblown;
Yet the shadow smiles of reason
Have among her visions shone.

She has with the gay world mingled,
Felt its chosen pleasures pall;
Seen not one she loved, nor coveted,
Sighed not to renounce them all.

In her mind reflection crowded,
Ere her heart could feel a void;
Earth's deceitful pomp was shrouded,
Nobler objects filled and shone.

It has looked beyond existence,
Bounded by a few feet years,
Discovered in the brief distance,
What the name of death endears.

Scenes that mortal never painted,
Scenes of bliss too pure for mortal,
Where the heart's fond wishes rise,
Have an endless Sabbath found.

It has bowed in sweet devotion
At the Noble gift, by Him
Early—ere the world's infection
Left a single polluted trace.

Felt a thrill of deeper rapture
In that shadowed hour of prayer,
Than when first her infant nature
Knelt at her mother's knee.

Should her youth's delicious morning
Darken with affection's frown,
Calmly can she meet the storm,
Thank each rising sorrow down.

Should her hopes with wavering haste,
Fade like summer's dream, or bud,
He, she loves the best, dugout her
Faith, in him, will never fail.

All the flowers of feeling perish,
All that seems so true, depart;
Love's assurance can she cherish,
Dear to a deep'ning heart.

Past the grave's mysterious border,
There blessings yet may be,
Richer glories to reward her,
If she's faithful, God, to THEE.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

LOVE.

Love, is produced from a delicate mass of physical wants, and moral sentiments; its first effect is to subdue the organs of the brain, which, by their influence, would make them degenerate into sin by. Were it only attended to the exterior beauties of person, the most delicate language of the senses, and the fine arts, and moral sensations, as tender as they are rational, would be subject to the fury.

Real love, then, is equally regard by moral beauties and physical beauties. It is tender and impassioned, respectful and ardent, delicate, impetuous, sighing after enjoyment, but wishing only to obtain it by consent. When our unconscious hearts, that the passion is pure, and that love seeks not exclusively its own benefit, but that of the object beloved.

Love, were it only founded on the qualities of the mind, its strength would be in the ratio of its purity, and its duration would be eternal.

Love, were it only founded on the qualities of the body, its strength would be in the ratio of its delicacy, and its duration would be momentary

was a child I was always afraid of the dark, and I am afraid of it still. I am afraid to go to bed when there is no one with me. I am afraid to be left alone. I am afraid to go out alone. I am afraid to stay at home alone. I am afraid of my self. I am afraid of what I have done. I am afraid of what I have not done. I am afraid of what I am doing. I am afraid of what I am not doing. I am afraid of what I will do. I am afraid of what I will not do. I am afraid of what I will say. I am afraid of what I will not say. I am afraid of what I will write. I am afraid of what I will not write. I am afraid of what I will read. I am afraid of what I will not read. I am afraid of what I will be. I am afraid of what I will not be. I am afraid of what I will have. I am afraid of what I will not have

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Rich-ards, publisher of the Reporter, Commercial Director, &c.

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 26, 1834.

ASHES. New Orleans.
Pots ... per 112 3 75 | N. York, 3 50 @ 3 62½
Pearls ... 4 50 | Boston, 3 50 @ 3 62½
BEESWAX. Yellow ... 25 | Baltimore, 3 50 @ 3 62½
BRISTLES. ... 18 | Petts Bay, ...
COTTON. Upland ... 11 @ 12 | Alexandria, 3 50 @ 3 62½
Mobile ... 11 @ 12 | Georgetown, 3 50 @ 3 62½
Orleans ... 11 @ 12 | Richmond, 3 50 @ 3 62½
Alabama ... 11 @ 12 | MACKEREL. No. 1 ...
Tennessee ... 11 @ 12 | No. 2 ...
COTTON. Duty 3cts per lb. | No. 3 ...
COFFEE. Rio ... 11 @ 12 | OIL.
Laguira ... 11 @ 12 | Linseed, Am. from ...
Java ... 11 @ 12 | Sperm, winter strained ...
do. Dutch, ... | do. Dutch, ... gal. 33
Teneriffe ... 11 @ 12 | do. Spermaceti, ...
Sperm, winter ...
COPPER. Sheathing ... 20 | Whale, ...
COPPERAS. Duty 20 per cent. | PAINTS. White Lead, ...
COTTON YARN. No. 10 ... | Red Lead, ...
Flaxseed, week, 1 to 1 50
DYE WOODS. Fustic ... | Logwood, ...
Nicaragua ... | Camwood, ...
FEATHERS. Live Geese ... | Quercitron bark, ...
FLAXSEED. ... 1 50 | Madder, ...
FLOUR. Pennsylvania ... | Flaxseed, week, 1 to 1 50
Ohio ... | Alicante, ...
Baltimore, ... | Lisbon, ...
Fredericksburg, ... | Sicily, ...
Alexandria, ... | Gallipoli, ...
Richmond, ... | Muscatel, ...
Petersburg, ... | Malaga, ...
Georgetown, ... | Zante, ...
Rye, ... | Patras, ...
Brandywine, ... | Smyrna, ...
Meal, Penna. ... | Carolina, ...
Baltimore, ... | Port, ...
Alexandria, ... | Madeira, ...
Richmond, ... | Teneriffe, ...
Petersburg, ... | Sherry, sherry, ...
Georgetown, ... | Claret, hhd. ...
GRAIN. Wheat, Penna. ... | Claret, case, ...
Md. & Del. ... | Champagne, ...
Rye, ... | Burgundy, ...
Corn, white, ... | Hock, ...
Corn, yellow, ... | Cognac, ...
Oats, ... | Brandy, Peach, ...
Barley, ... | Apple, ...
Beans, ... | Am. whisk. hhds. ...
Peas, ... | Do. bbls. ...
HAY. Timothy, ... | Do. in bond, ...
Clover, ... | Do. Scotch, ...
HEMP. American, ... | Do. Am. ...
Russia, ... | Do. Jamaica, ...
HIDES. Spanish, ... | Do. St. Croix, ...
Buenos Ayres, ... | Do. Leeward Island, ...
Rio Grande, ... | Do. New England, ...
Rio Grande, dry, ... | Do. Country, ...
Rio Grande, salted, ... | Do. Scotch, ...
Rio Grande, dry, ... | Do. Am. ...
Rio Grande, salted, ... | Do. Jamaica, ...
Rio Grande, dry, ... | Do. St. Croix, ...
Rio Grande, salted, ... | Do. Leeward Island, ...
Rio Grande, dry, ... | Do. New England, ...
Rio Grande, salted, ... | Do. Country, ...
Rio Grande, dry, ... | Do. Scotch, ...
Rio Grande, salted, ... | Do. Am. ...
Rio Grande, dry, ... | Do. Jamaica, ...
Rio Grande, salted, ... | Do. St. Croix, ...
Rio Grande, dry, ... | Do. Leeward Island, ...
Rio Grande, salted

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

From the Casket.

LOVE,

As exemplified in the influence of woman.

Oh! how the glad eye lights at sound,
As the loved one's step comes upon the ear,
True gentle and delightful sound,
Our happiest hours have made so dear.

The mother's blessed breast to quell,
The infant cheek with rosy roses tint,
Leading the world's lone wanderer right,
Who but the child of woman's mind?

Its power extends even over earth's dull years,
For the young muse can summon why,
Around us to throw a halo of hours,
That make the sebaceous mass of gold.

Even in a beautiful the name to spell,
Love has been busy in her power,
A weekend by some dark fellow's name,
Whose watchers will not let him rest.

The object of his fruitful choice,
To whom he is proud to confess,
Or, if he sometimes doubt his power,
And downcast glance, and pale or rosy cheek

Too often will her thrilling eye,
Steal on his manner, words, step,
That unkind look, or cold or frigid face,
To wandering what can all the touch.

And where he vows to be so,
What more his student find his place?
Nerves bring the heart to the extreme?
The hope of some gift's wayward grace.

Yes, woman's whole being rules the world!
The mother's strength is truth to love,
The wife's strong passion we unfold,
Whatever it proves.

The sailor, on the midnight wave,
When death is nigh to make deep gone,
What thoughts are his lingering wreck,
Thanks and a fond pair have woken.

The ranger, roaming by the land,
Who's he, perhaps, may never leave,
What fond remembrance brought reward,
To cold he has for his grave.

The statesman, in his toughest speech,
On which mankind's every breath is put,
Thinks of the time when it will reach
The listening home of some fair love.

The poet, who has created a song
Whose notes eternity will resist,
And the sweet lyre, whose every string
Dooms woman's tuneful mind must assist.

Pass through every grade of life,
From the president to the humblest place,
From which the lowest to the highest,
Her influence leaves a lasting trace.

With her song, I cannot but plead
That those who have not learned to love,
Her smile have been the dearest gift
Of mortals high, that ever's page.

Such a room prosperous of the most,
Such hallowed income of the heart,
All that's worthy of the mind,
With woman's image have a part.

To let to shared with every man
Anderson's grand excitement within,
And destroy in that quiet home
That from her life no influence taken.

Her presence, like a moonlight calm,
A strength to the weak and desolate,
Like sweet to her an earnest chance,
Through every struggle to be given.

* Byron so said to have left the tender passion at the age of seven. The experience of others, less sanguine like might confirm a longer estimate.

FAST COUSIN'S TRUST.

I'm not white as the lily that blooms in the green sea
Thus the strength of the bark may be known,
And that on a compass to steer the bark
O the utmost of the bark may be known,
So the bark must be pent it when the compass high
Where the bark must be pent it when the compass high
Where the bark must be pent it when the compass high
For the bark must be pent it when the compass high

Mason Fact.—Every man who visited West-upon during the winter of 1838-9, will remember an old creature by the name of Herrick, who could be seen, at all hours of the day, in the streets, with a basket on his arm, from one house to another, dressed out in an old, dirty, ragged suit of linen—now and then, but, high boots, and other things to match. Herrick had come to the city some years before this period, at which he held by virtue of his Master's commission, obtained in some Indian campaign, he imagined himself to inherit all the wisdom of Solomon, and to be equal to any thing. He was a man of no family, and was never thing, in a house with every thing that, in the shape of a woman, could be called a female.

Mrs. Paul. ☞ On the death of Mr. M. Randolph some few years ago, Mrs. Paul, (Hetty Randolph,) sang note in the musical circle of Virginia, and, naturally enough, became the object of the attentions of her superb waist. Many were the suitors of the rich widow, but she was not to be caught by any of them, for love is proposed to prudence, to the utmost amusement of the reporter. When she changed the tone of debate, in the end of the session, and the Mason's elected, but unsuccessful. This was because of the Mason's elected, but unsuccessful. This was because of the Mason's elected, but unsuccessful. This was because of